

# ALL ABOUT THANKSGIVING DAY

**W**HEN Captain Miles Standish, with his little company of 16 hardy pilgrims, discovered the first fresh water encountered by the Mayflower explorers after landing at what is believed to be East Harbor creek, on the shores of Cape Cod, the party sat down and drank, and as Mount records in his journal or story:

"We were heartily glad and drunke our first New England water with as much delight as ever we drunke drink in all our lives."

Thus was, with "Bisket and Holland Cheese, and a bottle of aquavite," the first New England Thanksgiving dinner eaten on the noon of November 26, 1620, around "a fire of sassafras, juniper and pine, which smelled both sweet and strong."

Later these hardy adventurers were able to feast on wild fowl and venison in plenty, as have those who came after them even unto the present day, for the forests of the cape abound with game, and the waters with fishes very much as in the days of the little Pilgrim band who in the Mayflower's cabin signed the first New England charter.

Although not set down in the laws, the reunion feast became an informal annual function, and there can be but little doubt that Thanksgiving day as known to us of the present had its origin in and was inspired by the ability of the pilgrim band to soften the strong waters of the hospitable Dutch with the spring waters of the new world, by chance shall we say? Or to what cause shall we credit the selection of the last week of November for the day of feasting and prayer now so eagerly looked for and as carefully observed as Christmas, the New Year or Independence Day? The day of thanks is more typically a national holiday than is any other. It is American and unique. Every country has one or more days set apart to commemorate independence or the granting of some great boon to its people that may be considered a step on the stairway to liberty, but the Thanksgiving day of the United States is without a close comparison in any land. Thanksgiving day begins the winter season.

Wherever you find an American you will, as the month of November wanes, find one who thinks more of being at home or at the home of intimate friends for Thanksgiving day. Clubs, hotels, public institutions, all see to it that their patrons, members or inmates are provided with a sumptuous repast for the one great feast day, and whenever and wherever possible a great, fat turkey graces the board.

The turkey should be our national bird, as it is, or rather, was everywhere in a wild state, and helped the original colonists to provide for their families. It has for 300 years been the chief feature at all important strictly American banquets, and may be safely called our greatest national food delicacy. The Spaniards in Florida, French in Louisiana, Pilgrims in Cape Cod and founders of the Virginia company all found the wild turkey ready for the sport and table in this their new home, and the American of today, from the president of the United States to the hum-



blest citizen of the country, will enjoy the Thanksgiving turkey.

If one would enjoy a good old fashioned Thanksgiving day at its best the true road to the feast lies in the country. Thanksgiving on the farm is something to be remembered. There the whole family is taken into consideration, and it is safe to say that each individual member has been preparing for the day almost ever since the celebration of the last one.

Stores of mince, apple and pumpkin pies have been baked and range on the broad shelves of the store room; apple sauce, preserves, with home-made pickles, "put down" months before required for use; stores of grapes, apples, pears and nuts, carefully looked over; a goodly ham, freshened in cold

water 24 hours, then carefully wiped dry and placed in a pot of cider to boil 15 minutes to the pound; a loin of pork, roasted to a rich, golden brown, to be served with apple sauce, and the feature of the feast—a turkey, fattened to about the 20-pound mark, the pride of the farmer and the joy of his wife.

The turkey, hatched on the farm and as carefully watched as any member of the family, fattened on grain and meal with a mixture of chopped nut meats to give it the proper flavor, killed one week before the feast and hung in an outhouse, where it is kept cold, but will not be injured by the frost, is brought in the night before for final treatment before being consigned to the oven.

The great bird is carefully picked and drawn, the interior wiped out, not washed, which would destroy the flavor, and filled with what is known in the country as "the stuffing," a thick mixture of sausage meat, bread crumbs and eggs, with just a faint touch of sage and onion. When prepared and placed in the huge oven to roast it becomes the duty of one cook to watch the oven and baste the roast until it is evident to the practiced eye of the heroine of many such conflicts that the turkey is ready to be served with fresh made cranberry sauce and a rich gravy, in which all the giblets have been stirred with some well-balanced chestnuts. Now, everything being ready,

the family and guests (and there are sure to be guests in country at a country Thanksgiving dinner) troop into the long dining room, to find the repast not only ready, but served with all the pomp and state the feast deserves.

The turkey is placed before the host, while the roast loin of young pig graces the opposite end of the table, with the boiled ham in the center, flanked with mashed white and baked sweet potatoes, turnips and cauliflower, with boats of gravy and bowls of sauce within easy reach of all. "Now pass up your plates," is requested from each end of the table, and the oftener this repeated advice is followed the more the face of the good matron glows with satisfaction. The great pitchers of foaming cider pass along the board and the diner at a farm Thanksgiving feast finds it all so novel and good that the vision comes up before him frequently while struggling with a complicated menu at his club or some hotel or mincing through the series of problems presented at a French or Italian table d'hôte dinner.

On every Yankee warship in the hot lands of the far away Malay islands, Cuba, Guam, Panama, the Sandwich Islands and under the flag that floats over every American consul's home or office Thanksgiving day will be celebrated, and, like another stitch in the great bed quilt of liberty and independence will knit the fabric closer together.

We do well to have a Thanksgiving feast. We thank the great Creator for our being, our sturdy forefathers for our great country, our Burly British ancestors for our love of country and good things to eat, our bustling energy for rapid progress, our wives and mothers for domestic atmosphere that makes life enjoyable and success certain and the rulers we have placed in power for unparalleled prosperity.

## BETSY'S THANKSGIVING GUEST

By BLANCHE FANNER DILLIN



**I** SHOULD think people would know enough to stay at home on Thanksgiving! Any one of sense would know families like to be alone one day in the year." Elizabeth threw down the letter she had been reading.

"Why, Elizabeth, what's this all about?" asked her husband.

"I suppose you won't think it is anything, but it just spoils our day together. We weren't going to have any one here tomorrow except the family, and now Gertrude Allison has written that she will be out in the afternoon."

"Here comes Don. Perhaps he can suggest a way out of your troubles," said her husband with evident relief.

"Hello, sis, what's the matter? You look as black as a thunder cloud. I see, had a quarrel with Tom, and the first year, too. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Leonard."

"Don't be silly, Don," his sister pouted. "I suppose you will disagree with me just as Tom did. Here's a letter from Gertrude saying she will be here on Thanksgiving."

"Well, sister mine, may I ask the cause of your displeasure?"

"The cause! That's just like a man. Can't you see, either, that we want to be alone on that day?"

"Poor Betsy! Shall I telegraph, 'Only the family wanted. Others will please stay at home and—?'"

"Do stop your nonsense, Don. I suppose I am foolish, but I thought we'd have such a good time together," Elizabeth sighed.

About an hour before dinner time the telephone rang and was answered by Elizabeth.

"Hello! Who is it? O, Gertrude! Well, well, old girl, are you actually there? Glad? I guess I am. Just wait until I get you at arms' length. Coming out to dinner? Oh, that's lovely. And stay all night, can't you? Good! You needn't think I'll let you go tomorrow. You've got to give me a week at least. Won't we have a good time talking over old times? But you must stay. Don't be a minute late. Goodbye."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, what'll I do?" asked Elizabeth, as she hung up the receiver with a nervous bang and faced her husband.

"Where am I going to put her, I'd like to know. There's nothing to do but make Don give up his room and go to the hotel. And, oh—I'll have to clean that room at once! It's the worst looking place I ever saw."

Half an hour later as Don mounted the stairs he was surprised to find his special sanctum undergoing an unusual process.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "Don't you dare to come in here!" his sister commanded.

"Certainly not if you don't wish."

"Go down and tell Nora to put on an extra plate. Gertrude is coming to dinner," Elizabeth added in a tone that left no room for comments. And Don obeyed, speechless for once.

Dinner was ready, but there was no sign of Gertrude.

"Let's sit down and eat," suggested Don.

The bell rang. "There she is now, sis," said Don. "Go and give her a sister's welcome."

"I can't understand it," said Elizabeth.

"I'm going to a wedding, too." The golden-haired girl had forgotten that she was not to speak to a gentleman without an introduction. But she remembered in time to lean round behind her.

"Whose?" In coming to her rescue I had forgotten that no questions were to be asked.

"My brother's," she replied, some where back of my shoulder.

"Perhaps her brother is to marry my sister." The young man had heard her answer. "She is to marry a California chap that I have never seen. I barely know that his name is Harmon."

"Will Harmon?" Again the girl was startled out of her corner. "My brother will be to marry Miss Jenkins."

"Sure enough! The young man reached across me. 'Shake hands, for we are almost relatives.'"

Genevieve rose with as much dignity as she could command under the circumstances. "Miss Harmon, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Jenkins."

Our dinner was over, as everything eatable was gone. The porter carried the cups and saucers back to the dining car, and cleared away the paper sacks and crumbs.

The golden-haired girl sat alone no more on that train, and the young man with the sweater read no more magazines. They may have been talking about the coming wedding, but as we were about to leave the train at Salt Lake City, our Israelite "relative" said over the back of our seat.

"There may be more than one wedding."

"That is the romance of our Thanksgiving dinner," suggested the father of the children, whose baby was at last asleep, and he had time to enter into a conversation.

"Now, her mother can't blame us," put in Genevieve, "for they would have met in a few days, anyway."

Elizabeth, what's this all about? asked her husband.

I suppose you won't think it is anything, but it just spoils our day together. We weren't going to have any one here tomorrow except the family, and now Gertrude Allison has written that she will be out in the afternoon.

Here comes Don. Perhaps he can suggest a way out of your troubles, said her husband with evident relief.

Hello, sis, what's the matter? You look as black as a thunder cloud. I see, had a quarrel with Tom, and the first year, too. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Leonard.

Don't be silly, Don, his sister pouted. I suppose you will disagree with me just as Tom did. Here's a letter from Gertrude saying she will be here on Thanksgiving.

Well, sister mine, may I ask the cause of your displeasure?

The cause! That's just like a man. Can't you see, either, that we want to be alone on that day?

Poor Betsy! Shall I telegraph, 'Only the family wanted. Others will please stay at home and—?'

Do stop your nonsense, Don. I suppose I am foolish, but I thought we'd have such a good time together.

About an hour before dinner time the telephone rang and was answered by Elizabeth.

Hello! Who is it? O, Gertrude! Well, well, old girl, are you actually there? Glad? I guess I am. Just wait until I get you at arms' length. Coming out to dinner? Oh, that's lovely. And stay all night, can't you? Good! You needn't think I'll let you go tomorrow. You've got to give me a week at least. Won't we have a good time talking over old times? But you must stay. Don't be a minute late. Goodbye.

Oh, for heaven's sake, what'll I do? asked Elizabeth, as she hung up the receiver with a nervous bang and faced her husband.

Where am I going to put her, I'd like to know. There's nothing to do but make Don give up his room and go to the hotel. And, oh—I'll have to clean that room at once! It's the worst looking place I ever saw.

Half an hour later as Don mounted the stairs he was surprised to find his special sanctum undergoing an unusual process.

Impossible! he exclaimed. Don't you dare to come in here! his sister commanded.

Certainly not if you don't wish.

Go down and tell Nora to put on an extra plate. Gertrude is coming to dinner, Elizabeth added in a tone that left no room for comments. And Don obeyed, speechless for once.

Dinner was ready, but there was no sign of Gertrude.

Let's sit down and eat, suggested Don.

The bell rang. There she is now, sis, said Don. Go and give her a sister's welcome.

I can't understand it, said Elizabeth.

I'm going to a wedding, too. The golden-haired girl had forgotten that she was not to speak to a gentleman without an introduction. But she remembered in time to lean round behind her.

Whose? In coming to her rescue I had forgotten that no questions were to be asked.

My brother's, she replied, some where back of my shoulder.

Perhaps her brother is to marry my sister. The young man had heard her answer. She is to marry a California chap that I have never seen. I barely know that his name is Harmon.

Will Harmon? Again the girl was startled out of her corner. My brother will be to marry Miss Jenkins.

Sure enough! The young man reached across me. Shake hands, for we are almost relatives.

Genevieve rose with as much dignity as she could command under the circumstances. Miss Harmon, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Jenkins.

Our dinner was over, as everything eatable was gone. The porter carried the cups and saucers back to the dining car, and cleared away the paper sacks and crumbs.

The golden-haired girl sat alone no more on that train, and the young man with the sweater read no more magazines. They may have been talking about the coming wedding, but as we were about to leave the train at Salt Lake City, our Israelite "relative" said over the back of our seat.

There may be more than one wedding.

That is the romance of our Thanksgiving dinner, suggested the father of the children, whose baby was at last asleep, and he had time to enter into a conversation.

Now, her mother can't blame us, put in Genevieve, for they would have met in a few days, anyway.

Elizabeth, what's this all about? asked her husband.

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